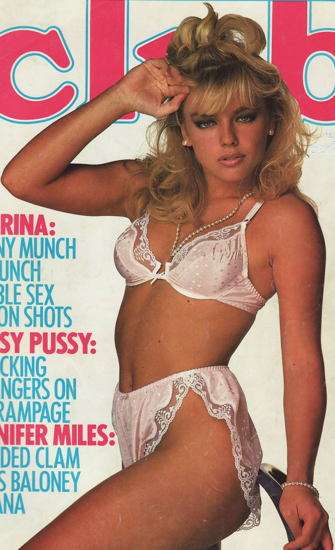
FILL YOUR HAND WITH MEAT: HOT BOX MUFFBURGER ISSU

02659

club



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SABRINA:
HORNY MUNCH
MY LUNCH
DOUBLE SEX
ACTION SHOTS

PUSSY PUSSY:
WHACKING
WHANGERS ON
THE RAMPAGE

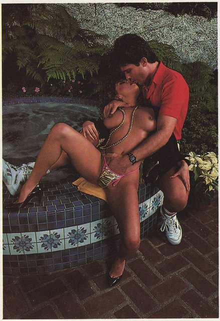
JENNIFER MILES:
BEARDED CLAM
LOVES BALONEY
BANANA

JUNE 1989 $4.50

06

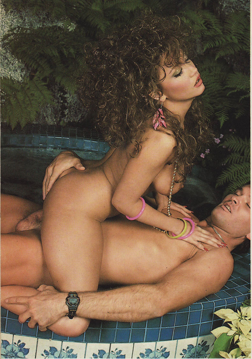
hot tubbing

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JERONIMO



baths are beautiful! Just so long as you don't try to screw under water. Do that and you'll end up with "the bruised look!"

"The only way I've found to fuck under water is to get him in me on the edge, grab on hard with my pussy muscles, and roll in," says Sabrina, "like this," she adds, soaking my shoes. ⧅



MY CONFESSION

We all have sexy secrets and erotic fantasies although few of us are fortunate enough to be able to put them into practice. *"My Confession"* is for those impulsive and audacious readers who have dared to do it for real . . .

"What have you got on today, baby?" Carl asked me.

"Your favorite perfume, hon."

His podgy face spread into a grin as he squeezed my butt through my silk bathrobe. "You're such a kidder –."

"I thought I'd get some help in – from the agency."

He looked thoughtful. Don't forget the rules, baby – just some good feelings – O.K?"

"Darling – " I bent to peck him on the lips. "You can trust me." His grin resurfaced. "O.K. Have a good time, but be careful, O.K?"

"Aren't I always?" Waving goodbye from the front door, I let my bathrobe slip open, giving him a peek of one pale 34D boob and a hint of gingery pube. He shuddered theatricaly, then climbed into his Merc and sped away.

Carl (not his real name) is 61

married two years and fucked half a dozen times during our marriage. Carl might like the kudos of a young, attractive, 34-22-34, ex-model wife, but his real turn-on is making deals. I'm strictly window dressing. That's O.K. We're fond of each other, and being nice to a nice old guy in a luxurious mansion beats being fucked by some foul old agent over his office desk for work I probably won't get anyway. Of course, I get horny, but then Carl and I have an arrangement. We have the agency.

I got out their catalogue over a cup of coffee. It's full of photos of guys, portrait and full length, aged from early twenties to mid-forties, updated monthly. Seeing a face I haven't noticed before, I picked up the phone.

"Hello, this is Account #617 here. I need a butler for the day. Is

He could be there within the hour. My heart bumped in anticipation.

He arrived in half an hour, already in short jacket, white shirt and black bowtie. He looked taller and broader than in his photo – about 30 years old, nicely muscled, by the hang of his clothes, and very hunky.

I was still in my robe when I answered the door, and by the look he gave me we just joined a mutual appreciation society. But he was scrupulously polite, very correct – the agency knew all about our rules.

We chatted briefly – he's an out-of-work actor, of course – while I showed him the kitchen and ordered tea on the patio in fifteen minutes.

Then I took the phone outside, threw off my robe and arranged myself decorously on the sunbed

of my closest friends. She's ten years older and uses the agency too. "His name's Paul," I told her. "He looks great. Have you had him?"

She had. I listened, rapt, for ten minutes as she went through the sensational details. After five minutes my nipples were puckering and I was starting to squirm on the sunbed. I sneaked a hand down my body and trailed a finger through my pussy fuzz. My lips felt damp and steamy, my clitoris peeping from under its hood. Suddenly the urge to masturbate was overwhelming.

"He went on for hours *–" Louise purred in my ear. "I couldn't believe it. He has incredible* control *– he'll be ideal for you, honey –" She chuckled suddenly as I let out a little gasp. "Hey, this is getting to you, isn't it? Have you got your vibrator out?"*

rag, my pussy swimming in juices, my heart crashing and spasms of sheer ecstasy throbbing through my body.

I was gasping, so close to orgasm, I could have made myself come at any second. But I wanted to savor the high, I wanted to ride it until the climax became literally overwhelming. But I couldn't forget that hard, hot cock . . .

"Madam –" Paul gasped. "The rules –."

"Fuck the rules –," I hissed. "I want you inside me – I want you to come inside me – now push – push – fuck me – !"

And with a sudden groan he jerked upward, spearing me with his entire length. As my mouth opened in a soundless gasp, his massive shaft bucked and spurted, its sheer force catapulting me into a climax that left me sobbing breathlessly, slumping forward, half dead, on his broad chest.

"I hope madam won't feel I've let her down," he said eventually. Dreamy-eyed, I lifted my head, and saw him smiling. "I think I'm allowed to stretch the rules one time," I said, then, reaching down to cup his limp prick in my hand, I grinned. "Of course, that depends on how much you stretch me before the end of today."

"Finger pie –."

"Let him do it, honey! That's what he's there for – he's good at it –."

I heard a clatterr of cups and a polite cough. Twisting my head, I saw a tea tray on the table next to me. Then Paul stood beside me,

If he was surprised to find his lady employer reclining naked in front of him, a finger working between her splayed legs, only the glitter in his eyes betrayed it.

"Is he there?" My friend hissed excitedly in my ear. "He is, isn't he? Oh my God, I want to touch

"I'm not sure if I can," I said, but I took my hand off my pussy and reached out toward Paul and drew it slowly up the front of his dark pants. He said nothing, only starting slightly as my fingers closed around his crotch. There was one hell of a lump in there,

into the receiver. "Exactly how big would you say it is?

"At least a seven-incher," my friend breathed. "Are you touching it? Oh my God –."

Paul coughed again as I felt his cock jerk and rise under my hand. I breathed in – it must have been almost as high as his waistband. Sitting up, I tugged open the front of his pants, pulled one side down, then the other, taking his shorts with them. And it bounced up, virtually in my face.

My involuntary gasp made my friend on the phone chuckle. His cock was magnificent.

"Is madam dissatisfied?" Paul said quickly.

I breathed in and gave him a wry glance. "I'll let you know –."

Then I curled my fingers around his shaft, swallowing as I felt his warmth, the throb of his veins against my palm; he was unbelievably hard.

"I don't think I'm going to be disappointed," I breathed into the phone, starting to pump him gently.

"Get him to rub it between your tits," she said. "I drove him wild that way, and you've got bigger tits –."

"Listen," I said, "I'm going to have to call you back."

"Remember – he comes alot!" she called as I put down the receiver.

Still holding Paul, I rose onto my knees and turned to face him. Then, shuffling closer, I put his thick, engorged shaft into my cleavage and brought my breasts together over it. His swollen bulb, plus a couple of inches, poked easily out the top, almost up to my chin. Then I reached up, took hold of his hands and brought them back onto my breasts.

His broad thumbs separated, smoothing over my stiffened teats, then back again, circling and stroking the sensitive flesh in a gentle, easy rhythm. The sensation was glorious.

I gave a faint shudder and half closed my eyes.

"Madam finds this acceptable?" he asked.

"Very –" I murmured. I gave a gasp as he rolled my nipples between his fingers, tweaking and teasing me. Then, as my head dropped, I felt his cock twitch. I glanced up at him.

"You're not going to come – ?"

"Not unless madam wishes it." His handsome face was slightly flushed but bland.

"No," I said. "I like you just the way you are." Then it occurred to me the rules might not be entirely clear to him. "You do realize, Paul, that I don't allow fucking. That's in my agreement with the agency, and it's also a solemn promise to my husband." Paul nodded sharpl;y. "That is understood, madam."

"Good." Reassured, I pulled back from him, then stretched out again on the sunbed, spreading

now is eat me. Will you do that for me?"

"Of course, madam."

I watched him step out of his pants, move to the end of the sunbed, and lean forward. For a moment he made himself comfortable, then his head descended between my thighs. I felt his warm breath on my pussy, and then the softest, gentlest kiss of his tongue, up one side of my crack, curling around my clitoris, down the other.

"Is that satisfactory, madam?" he asked, lifting his head.

"That's wonderful, Paul, but – " I leaned forward as his head dipped again. "Concentrate on the right side of my clit, O.K. – " He nodded, and started over.

It was like a concerto to cunnilingus. His tongue lapped and stroked, teased and tantalized; he parted my petals then sucked gently on each flap, rolled my clitoris gently between tongue and teeth, probed deeply into my warm, wet slit. Then his fingers joined in, stretching my lips as he sucked my clit. In a few timeless moments I was like a wet

Jennifer

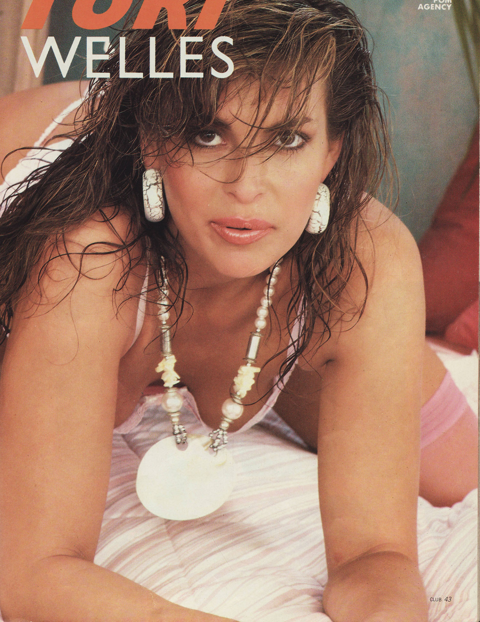
PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE POM AGENCY

Juicy 36-24-36, Jennifer Miles, latest wet lipped mouth on the porno scene can do things with her tongue and her lips that would make a monk's dick twitch. And we know it's true because we asked!

OK, you've seen the movies. You know how Tori comes on to another guy. What she looks like when she's coming on another guy's cock. How she loves to give head to someone else. But in Club it's different. How do *you* feel when Tori Welles is coming on to you?

TORI
WELLES

POM AGENCY



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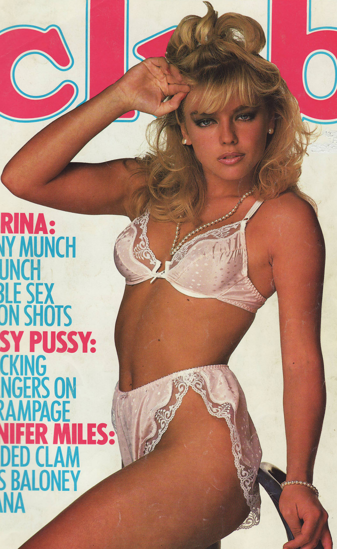

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